



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniscreary of the beginning of the trial of Lady Jane Grey in 1553. Though names as Queen of England through a plot, Anne herself was regarded as in-nocent by Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII., and it was not until Lady Jane's faction joined the Wyatt rebellion that she was tried and beheaded.

When a Girl Marries

By ANN LISLE

Ann's Family Dinner Starts Off More Auspiciously Than It Finishes.

CHAPTER XLVL FORE Virginia's dinner at the Rochambeau was over I issued invitations to our postponed family dinner. And all during the day of my party while I was deep in nervous yet hopeful preparations for it, I remembered Jim's delight becau e I leaned across the table in the little card room issuing a laughing mandate to Betty and Terry. "You two are included because you're our closest friends. Jim's 'war family.' So you'll break all engagements and come, won't

They accepted and Virginia cried They accepted and virgina cried with real enthusiasm:

"How jolly of you, Anne, and how equally jolly of you two to cancel your appointments for us."

The first thing I had done to win Virginia's complete approval was to invite Betty Brice to din-

That came to me next day with such force it almost caused me to drop the fishring I was examining with terror lest for the first time in my career as a cook it refused to jell. I rescued the mold, put it back on the ice prayerfully and ad-vanced to the next course—chicken en casserole. By the time that was en casserole. By the time that was steaming away with a savory promise, my shortcake was ready to come out of the oven and cool a bit in anticipation of its gentle burial beneath peaches and cream. Then came a flurry of final preparation setting the table, dressing and superintending Jim's tland Neal's hair.

After that came the delicate task

and Neal's hair.

After that came the delicate task of greeting the guests in a manner that would seem unflurried and make Jim proud of his wife and full of delicious anticipations anent

her party.

It started with fine promise when Terry arrived and said in his rich, delightful voice: "I can see that this is going to be a top-hole party."

And it was—at first.

Praise From Virginia. When Virginia praised my cooking. I thought I should expire of joy. To think of stately Virginia's discussing mere food. All through dinner I felt exuberantly uncertain that my party was a real success. Even the percolator worked and the cream poured out thick and

The janitor's wife came up to do the dishes for me—and after Phoebs and Neal and I had cleared the re-fectory table and had returned to "play lady," as Neal put it, some one suggested that we have a go at one suggested that we have a go at poker. That "some one" was Jim. He insisted on teaching me the game. I detest all card games except bridge, and was on the verge of insisting that I'd prefer to stay out, when I caught a sudden glimpse of Neal and Phoebe—happliy excenced on the big couch, quite absorbed in e ch other. So I played poker. On tried to. ker. Or tried to

The game ended abruptly an hour later—for suddenly Virginia discovered that happy little group of two, and decided that she wanted a chatty evening. She sent Phosbe into the bedroom for her bag, set-tled her acore, and then strolled over to the couch and sat down in of intending to remain there.

From the moment of her first move to end the poker game Jim

surprised me. "Virginia, don't be a spoil-sport,"

he protested irritably.

This to his beloved Virginia—
and he followed it by stubbornly
insisting that Betty and Terry continue the game. But Betty woodd
Terry away with a smile and said
she also felt "chatty."

"All right, then, let the girls
gossip—but shoot a few dice with
me. Terry." Jim urged.

Betty and Terry exchanged a
quick glance—and then the Englishman said he'd rather talk and
met acquainted.

get acquainted.
"How about you, Neal" asked
Jim, moistening his lips nervously
as he produced a little black cyl-

inder from his cardbox.
"I'm with you," said Neal, Routed from Phoebe's side, he gladly selved the chance of getting into Jim's good graces. "Til match you for the first throw,"

Jim tossed a penny on the table, covering it with his hand and watched Neal intentity. Neal brought a coin from his pocket, shook it between clasped palms and lifted his right hand to show the Indian head-while Jim's coin with the date up.

The Game Stops. "Good boy, Neal. You win," Jim's wolce was hard, yet fewerish. Neal shook the dice box. Out came a pair of threes. Jim was breathing heavily as he

erouched over the table with his eyes a glitter. Again Neal tossed the little cubes out on the table—and now a six rolled into sight, followed by a four. I felt Jim stiffen—and relax. The last toss was a five and a four. Jim raked in the two quarters that lay before him and suggested doubthe stakes.

A moment later he was laughing nervously as a one and then a six rolled out at his first light filrt of the dice box.

of the dice box.
"Better luck next time, kid." he exclaimed, but his hands trembled as he handed the box back to Neal. Again Neal lost. Jim clutched the coins eagerly and laughed—a dry, reckless laugh. As he sat there, with his hair tossed into a tumbled niaes and his eyes fairly burning on Neal and the dice and the jumbled pure of bills and coin in front of him, I became aware of the strange slience in the room. The only thing that broke it was Jim's staccato sughter and the rattle of the dice.

Suddenly Virginia rose:
"Ulmmis, dear, will you take me
home? I've a lot of work to do at the apartment tomorrow—and I want to ask you about some of it. We'll walk and get a bit of air. Mrs. Bryce and the captain will drive Phoebe over, I'm sure."

No one profested at her strange

he explained that young people did their courting there, and he did not want them to get peint on their clothes. "But," objected the painter, "the young folk would be fools not to know the smell of fresh paint." "Young fellow," said the old shopkeeper, "you've never had a girl, that's plain! If you had you'd know that when folk are in love everything-wet paint included-

Then he got to his feet and though he staggered against the table for a moment, still the wonted awaet smile struggled back to his face --he assured Virginia that he'd really like advising her.

He looked down at the pile of money almost as if weighing it, then he reached out a hand, his fingers closed to a fist, but instead of opening it to seize the money he ushed it toward Neal.
"Take it. Neal-it's yours," he

And though there were gracious good-bys after that, and reminders, of the Motor Cup races for which Captain Terry had invited us next day, my evening seemed to end with the moment Jim pushed the money he had wen from him back to Neal.

My good-nights were automatic. My good-nights were automatic. Still automatically I crossed to the window and strained my eyes into

By David Cory.

opened them he would find himself

in the land where he wished to be.

he opened his eyes he found him-

self in a mulberry tree in Japan.

Wall, Puss did, you know, and when

And there were other strange

frees, too-camphor trees and cot-

ton trees, orange trees and pome-

granate trees; and, oh, yes, there were persimmon trees. And when Puss looked about him still more

he saw rice and tea and sweet po-tates growing in the fields.
"This is a pretty country," said Puss to himself, and he slid down

the tree and started off along the road. bordered with camellian growing in the hedges. And pret-

ty soon along came a stork hitched to a rickshaw, which is a sort of two-wheeled carriage, you know. "Jump in," said the tall, long-legged stork. So Puss got in, and

away they went, past the rice fields, where the great big buffa-loes drew the plows; past litte towns and villages, where swal-

lows and turtle doves sat on the rhofs of the houses, and funny bantams, with tufts on their necks, strutted around on the ground, and

pheasants, too, with wonderful golden talls. And as for little rice birds, there were just hundreds and hundreds of them.

"Where are we going, please, Mr. Japanese Stork?" asked little Puss

"To Naganaki, a seaport town.

answered the great stork. So on they hurried, and after a little while

they met some little ponies with straw boots on, carrying loads of straw boots on, carrying loads of ten and rice over the mountain to

"They are going to Nagasak!, too," said the stork. "How soon will we be there?"

"Yery soon," answered the stork, and pretty soon they reached the top of the mountain. They they stopped and looked down, and there

was the sea before them. And all around were beautiful green hills

and the sea was a beautiful blue

ca, with junks on it that had square

white sails.
"We shall have to cross over a

little bit of that see to get to Na-gasaki." said the stork. "Nagasaki

is on an island."
"But who will ferry us over."
asked Puss. But the stork did not
answer. And when he came to the

water's edge he blew on a silver whistle, and pretty soon one of the junks took them across the sea to the Island of Klushul.

Well, as soon as they landed, the stork once more lifted the shafts or

the rickshaw and pushed his chest against the bar and off they went again. And the wind came from the

sea so softly and the rickshaw swayed back and forth so gently that pretty soon little Puss went fast asleep. And in the next story

you shall hear what happened after

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To Be Continued.

When Eyes Resemble Dots.

If you see a figure in the distance.

can you form any idea as to now far away it is? Probably you can only make a random guess, yet there is a fairly accurate rule which, once learned, will form a useful guide.

Fifty yards away from Jones his

features will be discernible. Walk a hundred yards away from him and his eyes will be like small black dots. When 200 yards sepa-rate you, you will still be

rate you, you will still be able to detect his silver badge. Look for his features at 300 yards

and you will not find toem, his

At 400 yards you can see his knees bend as he walks. At 500

yards you will know whether he is wearing a top hat. His head will

wearing a top hat. His need will have spring to a small spot when he is 600 yards off. By the time 700 yards separate you Jones head and body will have merged into a speck without any visible evidence of the presence of his need.

Loye's Illusions.

An eccentric old shopkenper who was having his shop repainted, told the painters to leave a certain cor-

ner untouched for the time being;

lls like violets and roses!"

neck.

will be indistinct and blurred.

you form any idea as to how

story. How the big im-

the darkness for a glimpse of Jim limping along at Virginia's side. What was she saying to him—this sister he loved? Did the dice game that had terrified me mean anything to her? Would a worry shared bring us close or make her shut me out behind walls of reserve! And white I stood pondering and wondering, I felt a strong young arm fling itself across my shoulders.

Neal-my brother Neal.

Virginia had shut him off from Phoebe, yet he said nothing of his own hurt, and merely stood with his arm about me offering his silent sympathy. How good it was to feel that whatever came, I had Neal. But as I turned to smile at my brother the pile of coins winked up at me maliciously from the corner of the table where Jim had played his game.

(To Be Continued.)

Conservation Puss in Boots Pies

URKEY or pie? If you can't OW. I hope you remember what happened in the last have turkey at your Thanksgiving dinner this year, and you must substimense white elephant told little Pues Junior to close his eyes tute something else, you can still have your Thanksgiving savour of and make a wish, and when he ante-bellum days if you will have some good pie.

The city housewife, with the many calls upon her time will find it more convenient to purchase a pumpkin canned. Then, too, if you make your pumpkin pie at nome you can, have three pies for the price of one purchased at the

bakeshop.

Here is a plain-crust war-time pie that aimest any amateur can make successfully. A standard halfpint measuring cup is used and all measurements are taken level.

Hulf a cup barley or rice flour. One cup wheat flour, % teaspoonful sait, 1-3 cup vegetable shortening, ice water.

Mix sait with flour; out in shortening with two knives; moisten to a dough with iced water; toss on a floured board, pet, roll out very gently; now roll the paste up like a jelly roll; cut in half; roll out to thickness of a quarter inch; fit on a greased pie plate; brush over the edge with cold water and place %-inch rim of paste on it.

Light handling—especially rolling very gently—is essential for a tender great. Having all incredia-

tender crust. Having all ingredi-ents cold and accurately measured is another essential. The quantity given above is enough for two fairly large one-crust ples. Here is an excellent recipe for

114 cups steamed and strained pumpkin, 2-8 cup molasses, 15 teaspoon ginger, 12 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Mix in the order given. Add the unbeaten eggs to the mixture and beat them as you beat the mixture So many people just eas the pump-kin filling and discard the crust that many housewives who are practicing conservation are making practicing conservation are making crustless ples. Just put the filling into the plate and bake it. If you wish, you can put a tiny rim of paste on the edge of the pan just for appearance." for appearances

If you want a little change from Mock Cherry Ple Mix together one cup of cranber ries cut in halves, one-half cup of raising that have been stoned and, chopped, one tublespoon flour and one-half cup honey or other sweetening agent. Dot over with bits of butter and bake in one crust or two. If one crust is used a meringue may be spread over the top. To make this, beat up the white of one egg until stiff, add a few drops of lemon juice and gradually beat in one level tablespoon of sugar. When the pie is done, spread this

When the pie is done, spread this meringue over the top or force it through a pastry tube. Return to the oven for one minute until a very delicate brown. Remember that meringue burns essily, so watch closely. One minute is usually long enough in a hot oven.

Recipes For War Time

Griddle Cakes

Corn or barley flour, to cup: wheat flour, 2 cups; baking powder, 14; tegapoons: malt, 1 temppoon: egg. I; milk. I 23 cups; corn wrynp. cup; fat, melted, 2 tablespoons. Sift together the dry ingredients. Beat egg. Add milk and syrup. Add liquids gradually to dry in-gredients. Stir in metted fast. Drop in by spoonfuls on greated brop in by appointed on greated bot griddle. Cook on one side: when full of bubbles and the edge, are firm, turn; cook until other aide is browned. (One cup rye flour and 1), cups wheat flour may be substituted for the flours suggested.) Yield, twelve cakes, five inches in diameter. nches in diameter.

An old chap climber aboard a ship to see his sallor son. To watch him slide about and slip was quite amusing fun. He'd rever enhad to grope his was along, and, as eight bells rang forth. Lo seized

a rope.
An officer appeared,
"Hallo" he etiel. "Whate up,
my man? I case tell she where you want to go."

The wisitor began, in flurised ac-

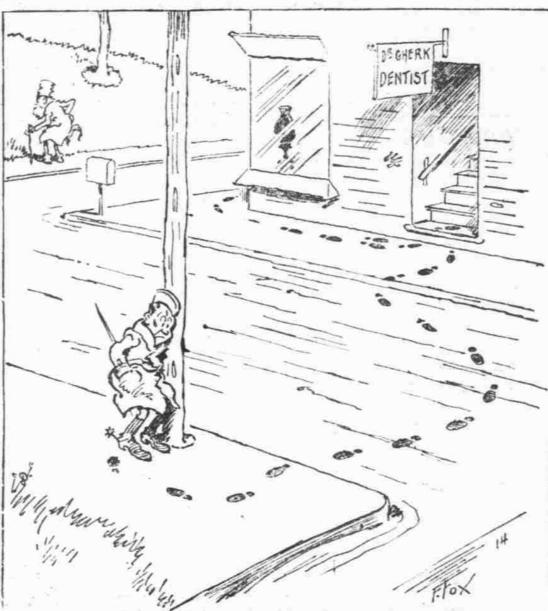
cents, to explain:
"I only pulled the rope a grainbut, gum, it did ring loud!" Copyright, 1918, by the Wheeler Syndmate, Inc.

To Brave the Wintry Blasts



Photos by International,

One of Our Heroes Who Led a Brilliant Charge At Chateau Thierry On His Way to the Home Town Dentist. By FONTAINE FOX.



The "Zepp's" Passenger AN EXCITING AND ROMANTIC NEW SPY SERIAL Philippa Is Discovered By Her Husband While She and Lessingham

Are in London.

He followed the direction which she indicated. A man was stand-ing against one of the pillars, talking to a tail, dark woman, obviously a foreigner, wrapped in wonderful furs. There was something famillar about his figure and the alight droop of his head.

"Why, it's Sir Henry!" Lessingham exclaimed, as the men turned

"My husband," Philippa faltered. "My husband." Philippa faitered.
Sir Henry, if indeed it were he,
seemed afflicted with a sudden
shortsightedness. He met the incredulous gaze both of Lessingham
and his wife without recognition or
any sign of flinching. At that distance it was impossible to see the
tightening of his lips and the steely
flash in his blue eyes.

"The whiting eern to have
brought him a long way." Philippa
said, with an unnatural little laugh.
"Shall I go and speak to him?"
Lessingham asked.

Lessingham asked.

"For heaven's sake, no!" she insisted. "Don't leave me. I would not have him come near me for anything in the world. It is only a few weeks ago that I begged him to come to London with me, and he said that he hated the place. You don't know—the woman?" don't know—the woman?" Lessingham shook his head. "She looks like a foreigner," was

all he could say.
"Take me in to Junch at once." Philippa begged, rising abruptly to her feet. "This is really the last

straw."

They passed up the stairway and where Sir within a few feet of where Sir Henry was standing. He appeared absorbed, however, in conversation with his companion, and did not even turn around. Philippa's little face seemed to have hardened as she took her seat. Only her eyes were still unnaturally bright. "I am so sorry if this has annoyed

you," Lessingham regretted. you, Lessingham regretted. "You would not care to go elsewhere?"

"I? Go anywhere else" she exciaimed scornfully. "Thank you, I am perfectly satirfied here. And with my companion," she added, with a brilliant little smile. "Now tell me about New York. Have you ever hear there" "Twice," he told her. "At pres-

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Shall She Marry Him? For two years I have been engaged to a young man one year younger than I. In whose home town I have been working. For my vacation I went to my own home for three months. On my return he told me he hed taken return he told me he had taken another girl to a few dances and movies and begged forgiveness. We were to be married in the fall, but he was called to France, and now he wants to be married as soon as he comes home. CONSTANT READER.

Don't exact too much from your sweetheart. I think you should not have expected him to forswear all human society for three months because you were out of town. But since he has been frank with you and you have forgiven him, why in the world should you refuse to marry him? Lovers must always beware of becoming suspicious.

The Cabaret Habit.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am eighteen and have been out with a young man four times. Fach time he has taken me to a different cabaret. Both he and I have light drinks. He acts to me as a perfect gentleman. Now, my cousin remarked that respectable persons do not go to cabarets often. Do you think I ought to refuse him when he invites me to go once more? ANXIOUS.

I think you are too young to go habitually to cabarets, especially unchaperoned. The next time the voting man invites you, suggest that you would prefer to go to a quieter place, or to receive him at your home.

Mistake Easily Corrected.

DEAR MISS PAIRFAX: Last week I met a young lady and was introduced to her as a temperance man, which is not so. I take a drink now and then, but do not go to extremes. W take, for I like the young lady yers much? J. R.

Simply mention, the next time you meet the young lady, that you are not a prohibitionist, but are always temperate is the use of alcohol. Unless she takes an extrome attitude herself, she will no doubt be willing to condone this in a more acquaintance. And she will in any case approciate your desire not to sail under false

Pretty Marriage Custom.

Among the islanders of Jersey there is a pretty but curious marmany is over, and when the happy rounle are entering into occupation their home, the large granite slab over the porch is inscribed with the initials of the bride and bride-groom, and between the two a point representation of two hearts is entwined the whole thus formworld to sec. It is said that, should the couple by any chance be one day divorced, the hearts are pierced through by an arrow, which is cut

ent the dream of my life is to go

She looked at him a little won-

declared, with his face aglow, "for its realization."
"But you would be a deserter from your country," she pointed out. "You would never be able to return. Your estates would be confiscated. You would be homeless."
"Home," he said softly, "is where one's heart takes one. Home is just where love is."
Her eyes, as they met his, were for a moment suspiciously soft. Then she began to talk very quickly of other things, to compare notes.

ity of other things, to compare notes of countries which they had both visited, even of people whom they had met. They were obliged to leave early to catch their train. As leave early to catch their train. As they passed down the crowded restaurant they once more found themselves within a few feet of Sir Henry. His back was turned to them, and he was apparently ignorant of their near presence. The party had become a partie carries, another man, and a still younger and more beautiful woman having joined it.

"Of course" Philippa said, as they descended the stairs, "I am behaving like an idlet. I ought to go and tell Henry exactly what I think of him, or pull him away in the approved Whitechapel fashion. We lose so much, don't we, by stiffing our instincts."

"For the next few minutes," he replied, glancing at his watch, I think we had better concentrate our attention upon catching our train."

They rold King's Crees with only a minutes to apare. Grover, h weyer, had already recured a carriage, and Helen was waiting for them, enaconced in a corner. She accepted the news of Lesingham's return with rosigna-tion. Philippa became thoughtful as they drew toward the close of their journey and the slow, frosty-twilight began to creep down upon

twilight began to creep down upon the land.

"I suppose we don't really know what war is," she observed, looking out of the window at a confortable little village tucked away with a background of frees and guarded by a weather-beatan old church. "The people are safe in their homes. Tou must appreciate what that means, Mr. Lessingham."

"Indeed I do." he answered grave it, "I 'ave seen the earth torn and

ly. "L'ave seen the earth torn and dismembered as though by the plow of rome destroying angel-A few blattened ruins where, an hour or so before, a peaceful village stood; men and women rupning about like to attes stricken with a mortel fear. And all the time a red glow on the horizon a bloedred glow, and little specks of gray or brown lying all over the fields; even the cattle racing found in ter-ror. And every now and then the cry of Death! You are fortunate in

Philippa leaned forward.
"Do you believe that our turn will come?" she asked. "Do you believe that the wave will break over our country?"
"Who can tell?"

"Who can tell?"
"Ah, no, but answer me," she begged. "Is it possible for you to land
an army here?"
"I think," he replied, "that all

"I think," he replied, "that all things are possible to the military genius of Germany. The only question is whether it is worth while. Germans are supposed to be sentimentalists, you know. I rather doubt it. There is nothing would set the joybells of Berlin clanging so much as the news of a German invasion of Great Britain. On the other hand, there is a great party in Germany, and a very far-seeing one, which is continually reminding the government that, without Great Britain as a market, Germany would never recover from the financial strain of the war." ne, which is continually reminding

"This is all too impersonal," Pail-ippa objected. "Do you, in your heart, believe that the time might come when in the night we should hear the guns booming in Grey-marsh Bay, and see your gray-clad soldiers forming up on the beach and scaling our cliffs?"
"That will not be yet," he pro-nounced. "It has been thought of.

Once it was almost attempted. Just at present, no."
Philipps drew a sigh of relief.

Philippa drew a sigh of relief.
"Then your mission in Dreymarsh has nothing to do with an attempted landing."
"Nothing," he assured her. "I can even go a little further. I can tell you that if ever we do try to land, it will be in an unsuspected place, in an unexpected fashion."

in an unexpected fashion."

"Well it's really very comforting to hear these things at first-hand."

Philippa declared, with some return to her usual manner. "I suppose we are really two disgraceful women, Helen and I—traitors and all the rest of it. Here we sit talking to an enemy as though he were one of our best friends."

"I refuse to be called an enemy," Leasingham protested. "There are

Leasingham protested. There are times when individuality is a far greater thing than nationality. I am just a human being, born intethe same world and warmed by the same sun as you. Nothing can alters the feet that we are fellow crea-"Draymarsh once more," Philip-

pa announced, looking out of the window. And you're a terriuly plausible person, Mr. Lessingham. Come round and see us after diner if it doesn't interfere with, On the contrary," he murmured under his breath. "Thank you

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.) Copyright, 1918, Little, Brown & Co.